Tamor. Now will I hence about thy buſines,
And take my miniſters along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius.*
Tam. What ſay you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind ieſt,
Yeelde to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Deme. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dooſt, and ſweete reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imployd,
Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. What is your will?
Titus. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe ſonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius.*
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them ſure,
And ſtop their mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe ſonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt.

Enter

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Baſon.

Titus. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whome you haue ſtaind with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtity,
Inhumaine traytors, you conſtraind and forſt.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold
The Baſon that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſde my daughter,
And worſe then *Progne* I will be reuengd,

And